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THE OLD-FASHIONED KITCHEN.

How dear to my heart are the days of my boyhood!
What chestnuts arise as I call them to mind!
The buttery, the cellar, the big pile of cord-wood,
And the old chopping-block with the kindlings beh'nd.
The wide opened farm-yard, the milking-stool by it;
The cow—on her neck hung a discordant bell;
The barn and the cow-house, the chicken-roost nigh it,
The apple tree—out of its branches I fell,
Near the old-fashioned kitchen, the gable-roofed kitchen,
The old-fashioned kitchen built on in an L.

To hie to that kitchen I deemed it a pleasure.
For often at noon, when returned from the shop,
I found on the table a half-gallon measure
Filled up to the brim with cold butter-milk pop.
How ardent I seized it, there's really no knowing,
How quickly I drank it I hardly can tell:
Then soon, with the butter-milk down my chin flowing,
In a manner on which I dislike now to dwell,
I skipped from that kitchen, th at old-fashioned kitchen,
That old-fashioned kitchen built on in an L.

—*F. H. Curtiss, in Good Housekeeping.*

TORPEDO FISH.

The Electricity in Them Will Knock a Man Down.

How a Savannah Athlete Tried to Pick One Up on a Bet—The Shocks Investigated by Scientists—Curious Results Shown.

On the beach of Tybee, the other day, an old fisherman in oilskins was unloading a boat that had been full of fish, when a lusty young man clad in white trousers and a white flannel shirt, met the old fellow's eye.

"You look like a likely hefter," called out the old fisherman, his hands and arms meanwhile falling to the perpendicular and a merry twinkle taking possession of his eyes.

"A likely what?" rather indignantly rejoined the youth.

"A likely hefter—a chap who can lift a heap," was the reply.

"Yes; I am considered pretty strong in the Savannah Athletic Club," was the answer.

"Did you ever lift much fish?" asked the old fellow, throwing a huge netful of tinkers on the dock, and looking his companion over with a critical eye.

"I never saw the fish I couldn't lift."

The fisherman thrust his hand into his pocket, from which, after a violent struggle and much invective, he hauled out a very flat, light leather pocket-book, that was closed with a strap and a piece of rope-yarn. He took from it a clean ten-dollar bill and said: 'I'm going on eighty-one years old next muster day, but I'll bet you ten dollars even you can't lift fish that I can."

"Where's your fish?" asked the youth.

"Well, I'll tell you. Here's a fish," and he poked among the tinkers and pointed to a large, solid and skate-like fish in the bottom of the dory. "Let's see; it's about five foot up to the dock. I'll bet you the ten dollars you can't toss the fish up there."

"I don't want to take your money," replied the young man, magnanimously, as a number of spectators drew around. "But if you've got a half a dozen of the fish, string 'em all together and give me something worth doing. I've lifted 500 pounds before breakfast."

"Oh, yes, I've heard tell of you," said the old man, somewhat warmly. "You're the man that ate a piece of rubber hose for breakfast, and didn't find out it wasn't sausage till somebody told you. See that thumb-nail?" he asked, holding up a curious stub with a horny growth upon it. "Well, I served prentice once to a box-maker, and used to put in all the screws with that nail, and pull 'em out with my teeth when they broke off. You know me, and I'll stick to it you can't heave that fish up to the dock, and there's the money."

The Savannah athlete, thus called upon, deposited ten dollars with a well-known gentleman who had joined the party, and went down the ladder into the boat, while the old fisherman climbed up on the dock to watch the feat.

"Stand back there!" shouted the boss tosser, rolling up his sleeves. "This fish might hit you, old man, and knock some of the blow out of you."

"Heave away," responded the man in oil-skins, tipping a wink at the crowd in general.

The young man now stepped into the dory and poked away the tinkers—small mackerel—that were sliding about. Standing on the edge of the boat he stooped down, grasped the skate-like fish and lifted, raising it about a foot. Then, uttering a yell, he staggered a moment and fell with a resounding splash into the water, nearly capsizing the boat in accomplishing the feat, which was received with shouts of laughter from the dock, the old fisherman fairly dancing a hornpipe on the rail.

"What's the matter with you?" he shouted, as the unfortunate athlete scrambled into the dory again, swearing like a pirate. "Trying to upset the boat, are you?"

"Who struck me? Somebody gave me a knock on the neck just as I was lifting."

"Nonsense," cried nearly every man in the crowd. "You wasn't touched."

"I'll take my oath I felt something hit me. If this is a skin game I want to know it." Bracing himself firmly in the boat, he again grasped the fish with both hands and raised it three feet, and then fish, athlete and all went backward among the tinkers. Man, fish, oars and bailers were mixed up for a moment. At last the Savannah "hefter" made a break for the dock, and, once upon it, sank down upon a pile of boards. He was as white as a sheet and was covered with scales from head to foot.

"Send for a doctor!" he gasped, as the men crowded around.

"Why? What's the matter with you any way?"

"I've had a stroke," whispered the victim. "The moment I stooped to lift it, I felt it a runnin' all over me. It's in our family; but I've got it bad," and here he rubbed his arms and legs. "It knocked me clean off my feet," he added, "and my limbs felt like sticks. Send—" and here a roar of laughter broke from the men, and one of them, seizing him by the arms, jerked him to his feet.

"You're all right, my lad; only next time don't go fooling around old Amos. He's a hard nut."

"Here's yer money, sonny," said the old man, holding out a bill. "You've earned it."

"What do you mean?" gasped the athlete.

"What do you mean? Why, jest this: Yer haven't had a shock of paralysis. Yer tried to heft one of these durned torpeders. They'll knock a mule down if yer gives 'em the chance."

The athlete looked vacantly ahead, took back his money and left amid the renewed laughter of the crowd.

"He'll have a yarn to tell the Savannah folks," said the perpetrator of the joke, "but I do hate to hear a man blow and thought I'd take him down. Injured? No, sir-ee. He'll feel stiff for an hour or so, but it won't hurt him. I've been struck by them one hundred times, and it's no fun, I can tell yer. It's just like being struck by a mild stroke of lightning. I don't generally touch 'em, but a man gave me one dollar to fetch one in, so I kept it in the boat. They'll shock you right through the net. When I was a-hauling in the tinker seine this morning I knowed I had a shock-fish from the jerking of my arms. The shocks come right up the wet cording, so that sometimes you can't hang on anyhow. I've seen a man who stuck one with an iron harpoon, thinking it a skate, knocked down so quick he didn't know what hit him.

"You remember old Curt, that used to do the chores around here ten years ago? He lived on rum; he'd do any thing for it. Well, Perce Haldon put up a big job on him once. He'd had the jim-jams and he'd sworn off any quantity of times, but always got back again. He was just getting over a spree when Perce came along with a shock fish. Old Cart had never seen one before, so Perce walks up and says: 'Cart, where can I get this fish cleaned?' 'What's it worth?' says Curt. 'Well, half a dollar, I reckon,' says Perce. 'I'll draw it myself,' says the old nigger. 'Go ahead,' says Perce, and the old man fetched out his big case knife and began, two or three of the boys gathering round. 'You ain't so steady as I've seen you, Curt,' says Perce, nearly bursting a-laughing, for as soon as the old man touched the fish his arm shot out, so that the knife flew about three feet. He didn't say any thing, but picked the knife up and jabbed it into the fish again. You'd have thought he was making passes like a sleight-of-hand chap; his hands jerked this way and that, and the sweat rolled down off his face like rain. At last he dropped her, and sat right down on the grass and says: 'Perce, give me something to steady my nerves; I've got 'em again.' Well, old Curt never heard the last of that, and I never saw him drink afterwards.

"What's the use of the shocks? Why, I reckon they kill fish with' em or drive 'em off."

The latter assumption is probably correct. The electric apparatus of the torpedo fish is its defense, and is certainly a good one. Its electric organs have been compared to the voltaic pile, and consist of two series of layers of hexagonal cells, the intervening spaces between the plates being filled with a trembling, jelly-like substance, so that each cell can be compared to the Leyden jar. Each torpedo carries about 480 of these batteries, the whole being equal in power to about fifteen Leyden jars, making 3,500 square inches charged to the highest degree. The upper side of the fish is positive, the lower negative, the shocks evidently being entirely at the will of the strange electrician. The torpedo is met with frequently along the Atlantic coast, especially along the Georgia portion of it.

A naturalist once made some interesting experiments, one of which was the application of the telephone to a torpedo, to see if the shock gave an audible sound. Such proved to be the case, a short, low creak accompanying moderate excitement, the discharge lasting about one-fifteenth of a second. When the fish was greatly excited the croak became a groan, sounding, it was said, like the tonality of mi, and occupying four or five seconds. When the attention of scientific men in England was first called to the torpedo fish, Dr. Walsh, F. R. S., amused himself and scientific London with one of these fishes, after a series experiments at the Ile de Re. The performances took the form of piscatorial seances, and it became the rage to take a fish shock. Wondrous medicinal virtue was ascribed to it, and the demand for torpedoes brought a rich harvest to fishermen. Their use in medicine, however, was not new, as Discorides, the physican of Antony and Cleopatra, is said to have made use of them.

Dr. Walsh's method was to place a living torpedo upon a wet towel; from a plate he suspended two pieces of brass wire by means of silken cord, which served to insulate them. Round the torpedo were eight persons standing on insulated substances. One end of the brass wire was supported by the wet towel, the other end being placed in a basinful of water. The first person had a finger of one hand in this basin and a finger of the other hand in a second basin, also full of water. The second person placed a finger of one hand in this second basin and a finger of the other in a third basin. The third person did the same, and so on until a complete chain was established between the eight persons and nine basins. Into the ninth basin the end of the brass wire was plunged, while Dr. Walsh applied the other end to the back of the torpedo, thus establishing a complete conducted circle.

At the moment when the experimenter touched the torpedo the eight actors in the experiment felt a sudden shock, similar in all respects to that communicated by the shock of a Leyden jar, only less intense. The torpedo was then placed upon an insulated supporter and communicated to twenty persons similarly placed from forty to fifty shocks in a minute and a half. Each effort made by the fish was accompanied by a depression of the eyes, which were slightly projecting in their natural state, and seemed to be drawn within their orbits, while the other parts of the body remained immovable. If only one of the organs were touched, in place of a strong and sudden shock, only a slight sensation was experienced—a numbness rather than a shock. The same result followed with every experiment tried. The fish was tried with a non-conducting rod, and no shock followed; glass or a rod covered with wax produced no effect; touched with metalic wire a violent shock followed. A Boston physician in making experiments with a powerful fish was several times completely floored, and when at a distance of twelve feet he struck a fish with a gig, the shock was so powerful that he could not release his hold.

Quite a number of electric fishes are known, of which the South American gymnotus is undoubtedly the most powerful. It is that they are caught by driving wild mustangs in the water, the fish exhausting their powers upon them, often fatally. The torpedoes are then captured by the natives. In all nine different species are known, three of the curious electricians belonging to the Ray family. One is a sword fish, another a catfish, called in the Nile country of Egypt "the thunder fish," and the third is the electric tetraod on from Comoro. The latter gives only a faint shock, but strong enough to probably form a protection from various animals.—*Savannah Cor. Philadelphia Times.*

THE ART OF TRAVELING.

How to Girdle the Globe at a Comparatively Small Expense.

Have you ever talked with a man who has traveled around the world and seen every thing from the mouth of the Congo to the Chinese wall? I met one this morning on the west end veranda. He travels all the time, and he told me that he made a point of getting into cities and countries at holiday times, when he could see them at their best. That is why he stays in America in summer. His next stopping place is Persia; then he goes into Egypt, and he will reach China in April, when the fetes are held. I asked him what it cost to live as he did. "It would cost you about $12 a day to follow in my paths," he answered, "but I do it for $7.25. Living expenses have averaged me that the past year. I keep a record of every thing, and know to a penny what I spend. I always travel first-class, see all there is to be seen, and I don't think I have the reputation of being niggardly. But I have traveling down to a science. It costs me now about 25 per cent. of what it did when I began. Of course some of the reduction comes from the cheapness of traveling facilities, but a good part of it comes from knowing what I am about.

Traveling is a business, and to do it economically one has to learn it as he has a trade. For example, tipping costs me about one-third what it would inexperienced people, because I know when to tip and when not to. Then in living I save again. I live on the European plan always, so that if I am sight-seeing I can get my meals anywhere without feeling that I am paying for another I do not eat. Then I always avoid a table d'hote. That's another way of paying for more than you want. My biggest meal is my breakfast. If I get a good one I don't care much what I have the rest of the day. I find that most travelers feel the same way. I keep a diary of every thing I do, and I can tell what I did and where I was on any day for twenty years past. I can only speak one language—English, though I have picked up a smattering of French, but I get along with my native tongue. You will find English-speaking people the world over, and I never trouble myself about the language of the country I am going to.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Canada averages $25,000,000 to $30,000,000 worth of lumber exports per annum. One-third comes to the United States.

PEDDLERS OF COREA.

Some of the Singular Wares Which They Offer for Sale.

The peddlers of Corea sometimes bring their things in packs on coolies' backs, and sometimes they produce a bushel of bundles from the depths of their loose sleeves. After a boy had shown his choice lot of copper bowls one day he went up his sleeve and brought out a trained sparrow that he put through several tricks and slipped up his sleeve again when we refused to buy. Several brought quantities of hair for sale, and insisted upon unrolling the bundles of coarse, black queues that had been clipped from the heads of Corean boys. There is a great trade with China in these Corean locks that are used to piece out queues. A large black bowl, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was brought one day and gave occasion for many remarks about this wonderful wash-bowl being the only proof that any Corean had ever intended to wash himself; but it turned out that the bowl was used to hold the back hair of the palace ladies and singing girls, who wear tremendous chignons weighing fourteen and twenty pounds. Of the really good things that are brought for sale the best are small iron boxes, padlocks and small weapons inlaid with silver in some really fine designs, many of them so nearly Persian as to astonish connoisseurs, and others in a fine diaper and key pattern quite as foreign to this end of the world. As inlaid metal work it is crude and coarse compared to what other and very near nations can do. Disks of open-work bronze and iron are often brought hung full of coins strung on strings of colored silk. The coins and medals are curious in themselves, and they are regarded not only as charms and ornaments but as a proper way for a coin-collector to display his treasures. Of embroidery, either new or old, very little is seen that is good or curious, considering the near neighborhood of China and Japan. The peddlers often bring the square bits of embroidery worn on the front and back of the mandarin's palace clothes, but they are generally too frayed, faded and stained to be of any use. The plastron of a civil mandarin has two Corean stalks flying toward each other. Distinction as a Chinese scholar allows others to wear the storks, while a General sports a brace of most dangerous-looking white tigers embroidered on black silk, with a finish of conventional clouds and waves in brilliant colors. At weddings the bridegroom, however lowly in station may ride in an official chair, sit on an official leopard-skin near the royal red, and also embroider cranes on his gown. The bridegroom pushes the privilege to its limit then, and the plastron of cranes becomes a veritable apron of red satin covered with four six and eight cranes of different colors.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

FANCIES IN FURNITURE.

Forms and Styles Most in Demand at the Present Time.

One of the most fanciful as well as novel designs for the electroler is in representations of the pitcher plant.

The demand is continued for handsome mahogany furniture in Renaissance of richly carved decoration.

Butternut is a comparatively new adaptation for libraries. A very general fancy is shown for natural wood of every kind.

The most recent fancied form of toilet table is arranged with oval glass above, the whole being draped with English chintz.

A carved band in pierced design between moldings in either wood or gilt is a form of picture-frame decoration specially adapted to architectural subject.

An admired example of the Chippendale style, which is considerably in use, is in white mahogany suitably upholstered in satin damask, for a reception-room.

Hardly a better frame is provided for water colored pictures than that of simple molding covered with gold leaf leaving perfectly visible the grain of the wood.

The most elegant varieties in wall paper include one in silk which is formed by uniting this material to a paper background, after which the design is printed.

Suitable frames for pictures in black and white are of oak with possibly a light touch of bronze in the moldings, and showing a decoration of finely-carved work in the outer border.

A rather newly adopted form of upholstered couch is modeled from an East Indian style in cane, being formed with a downward curve at the center, with one end also more elevated than the other.

A general weariness from the want of variety in French design picture frames has led to independent activity in this production, and which is becoming in a large degree successful in results, the best example being of a high order.

Solid gold pieces are fancied for drawing-room in forms of cabinets, tables, easels, pedestals, screens and fancy chairs. These are in Renaissance style and of wondrous splendor. Other rich pieces in onyx and gilt are of elaborate forms.

Orange wood, resembling white mahogany, is used in elegant forms inlaid with ivory. The odor of the wood is pleasant, and the style becomes more exquisite with age from increasing harmony between the ivory tint and that of the yellowish wood.

The disposition to combine several styles is illustrated in a new set in satin wood, inlaid with amaranth, in which a French feature in the form of carved wreaths is introduced at the top, while something of the Adams style appears in the portion beneath.

Some handsome styles in white mahogany are distinguished by inlaid designs in amaranth, ebony and pearl. One especially elaborate example in chamber furniture in this wood, finished in the natural color, is adorned with wide bands of inlaid work in amaranth, ebony, satin, wood, brass and copper.

A fanciful style is represented by a table in white mahogany inlaid with copper; a border is formed with squares of tin metal, which is introduced in like form of different proportions in the central design, showing also forms of insects, here and there, with bodies and wings in mother of pearl tinted in various colors.

The electicism everywhere in practice is shown with one of the recent styles in white and gold of modified colonial design introducing spindles in reversed arrangement, the larger portion being uppermost, and with a band above bearing a form of ornament cut in and gilded, which is of somewhat gothic character.

New patterns in wall paper include one for a frieze in imitation of a looped curtain. This shows running borders of vines and dark green and yellow foliage, on a ground in French gray with a tinge of red, the ground of the wall paper being in sea green. A representation of a rod in bamboo is painted to aid the effect of suspended drapery.—*N. Y. Star.*

EMPLOYER AND CLERK.

The Views of a Prominent New York Wholesale Merchant.

"I'm looking bad? Well, I ought to; I've lost fully twenty-five pounds within the last nine months through something not usually put under the head of business cares. Want to know what it is, eh! Well, I don't mind telling you, although my statement will probably rouse a storm of indignation, but I assure you that my loss of flesh arises from nothing more or less than worrying over my clerks.

"I heartily appreciate all editorial comments on the question of dishonesty among clerks. Every year it becomes more and more difficult apparently for some young men to keep within the paths of righteousness. At one time I thought that human nature was constantly growing more depraved, and now I am firmly convinced that the opportunities offered to the young men of the present day for going wrong infinitely more numerous than formerly and seem to be almost forced upon them.

"Take a special case, which recently came under my immediate observation. The young man in question began to associate with a rather fast set, who considered gambling a legitimate pleasure. His refusal to join the game was taken as a tantamount confession of weakness, and he soon found himself as lonely as a shipwrecked sailor upon a desert isle. He stood it as long as he could and then returned to the society of his reckless companions. What was the result? In three months, between poker and race pools, he had lost a large amount of his employer's money, which he found himself unable to replace at the moment, and his previously promising business career has been hopelessly ruined.

"I agree with you that it is an employer's duty to keep himself informed as to his clerk's mode of life outside of business hours, and have firmly resolved that no young man in my employ will go wrong for lack of the few words of kindly warning which would have saved to the world many a man who is now a criminal."—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

PRESERVING THE DEAD.

Description of the Methods Employed in Electro-Plating Bodies.

The latest method of preserving the dead, and one which is growing into popular favor, is electro-plating. It is the application of a perfectly even metalic coating to the surface of the body itself by the same process as that which produces an electrotype plate. The method is, briefly, this: The body is washed with alcohol and sprinkled with fine graphite powder to insure the perfect conduction of electricity. It is then placed in a bath of metallic solution containing a piece of metal to be used; to this is attached the positive pole of a strong battery; the negative pole is applied to the corpse and a fine film of the metal at once begins to cover the body perfectly and evenly. This may be kept up until the coating attains any desired thickness. To this process there would seem to be no valid objection. In effect it transforms the corpse into a beautiful statue—form, feature, and even expression being perfectly preserved. The body, being hermetically sealed within its metal inclosure, merely dries up and assumes the aspect of a mummy. This method obviates many objections which have been urged against cremation, and at the same time meets the wishes of those whose sentiment, if nothing else, inclines them to favor the ordinary way of burial. The feeling of desecration of the human form divine which its reduction to a handful of ashes causes to many people is entirely done away with, as no rude hand is laid upon the once-loved form. No change is brought about in appearance except that face and figure are covered with a shining vail, through which the familiar lineaments appear with all their well-remembered characteristics and expression.—*Western Electrician.*

THE COIN OF SOCIETY.

A Comprehensive Definition of the Mystery of Good Breeding.

Subtle, fragrant, indescribable, but all-pervading is that lovely thing we call good breeding. As subtle and as indescribable, but by no means fragrant, is its ungainly opposite. Keenly conscious of the absence of the former, but unable to exactly specify and define when present, we know and feel, but can not analyze nor tabulate—save in cases of exceptional sweetness and refinement, when we can touch the exaction and repeat the commanding word which governed all. So with ill-breeding. We can scarcely say where it was unless the demeanor was as deep as a well and as wide as a church door; but there it was, and we felt and knew whether we were able to define it or not. No one can describe discord nor harmony. So with the mystery of good breeding—the subtle harmony and passing flavor of true politeness. It is heard in an intonation—an inflection—in the choice of one word over another seemingly its twin, but with just that difference of application, rather than meaning, which creates the essence of good breeding. The almost microscopic recognition of a stranger—the specialized attention of an unobtrusive kind—is its evidence; the careless neglect of an apparently insignificant form is its death-warrant. To be the only stranger in a room full of intimates and to be unintroduced and neglected is an act of ill-breeding specially Britannic. If by chance one more kind-hearted to begin with, and more polished by friction to go on with, takes pity on the poor social waif and stray, and offers any attention or relief from off the thread of a conversation, that person has this marvelous charm we call good breeding, in which all the rest have been deficient. When you enter a room and are presented to the hostess her reception of you proves her good breeding or her bad. The way her children meet you—the way in which, at any age beyond the merest babyhood they speak and hold themselves—is so eloquent of their gentle training or ungentle as is a correct accent or a provincial. No idiosyncrasy mars the real essence of good breeding, and all the excuses made for lapses and lesions are futile. A well-bred person may be as shy as a hawk and her limbs may be as awkwardly hung together as so many crooked sticks badly pinned. All the same her good breeding will be evident, and neither her shyness nor her awkwardness will tell against it. Though it costs her the well-known agonies to sustain a connected conversation, and though by the very fact of her shyness her brain will run dry, she will sustain it with the most consummate politeness, if not always with the most flawless fluency. She will put a restraint on herself and talk her best, bad as that best may be, because she is versed in the art and mystery of good breeding, and thinks of others rather than herself. But an ill-bred person, if shy, is simply boorish, and makes no trouble to conquer the dumb demon within him, but gives way to it and lets it conquer him at its pleasure. You feel that the excuse made for him—or her—by those who want to smooth over asperities with varnish—that excuse of being so "dreadfully shy" is no excuse at all. For you know by experience how sweet and anxious to be supple and at ease—for all the pain it costs her—can be that well-bred bundle of nerves and fears, who is as timid as a hare and as sensitive as a mimosa, but also who is as thoughtful for others as the boor is disregarding.

Good breeding is the current coin of society. He who is bankrupt therein ought not to take rank with the rest. The defaulting Lombard had his bench broken in full conclave, and was chased out of the street where his better endowed brethren carried on their business. What the old money-changers and money-lenders did with their defaulting members society ought to do to the ill-bred—to the people who oppose all you say for the mere sake of opposing you, and not for any thing approaching to a principle; who contradict you flatly, and do not apologize when they are proved in the wrong; who tell you home truths of a bilious complexion and vinegar aspect; who repeat ill-natured remarks made in their presence, or repeated to them, making you feel that you are scorned and despised you know not why, and vilified without the chance given you of self-justification; who abuse your known friends, and ascribe to them all the sins of the Decalogue; who brutally attack your known principles in religion, morals, politics; who sneer at your cherished superstitions and fall foul of your confessed weaknesses; who take the upper hand of you generally, not counting your susceptibilities as worth the traditional button. Such people as these—and there are many of them masquerading as ladies and gentlemen of good position and irreproachable credentials—but no matter what their lineage nor fortune they should be cashiered; and society would be all the sweeter and more wholesome for the want of them. Contrast these spiny hedgehogs, these aggressive thornbushes, these stinging mosquitoes and ramping tarantulas with their opposites—the well-bred and gentle folk who never wound you, never tread on your corns nor offend your susceptibilities in any way, and who carefully carry out of sight all their own private little flags which may be your red rags. This is not want of courage, but it is good breeding.—*London Queen.*

—The only things we desire to know are those which will benefit us

PITH AND POINT.

—It takes much less to start a quarrel than to stop one.

—Some men get down on their neighbors when they find that they can't come up to them.—*Boston Courier.*

—True criticism consists in assorting the just things from the false, and not the false things from the just.

—A girl may be like sugar for two reasons. She may be sweet, and she may be full of grit.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—Be thankful every time a friend deserts you, and thus forces you to strengthen yourself.—*Pomeroy's Advance Thought.*

—The *Journal's* ideal reckless man is the one who does not take off his hat when speaking to a railway official.—*Lincoln Journal.*

—"Do you know why Mr. S—— allows his hair to grow long, while Mrs. S——keeps her's cut short?" "Yes, they're both literary.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A loving wife, at Long Branch, said: "The horrid surf makes me keep my mouth shut." Sarcastic husband: "Take some of it home with you."

—The age in which we live thinks the accumulation of money the most practical matter of life. But it is a mistake, a great mistake.—*Western Rural.*

—If you wish to know just how little patience you have left, try to raise a refractory car window to please a fidgety woman on a hot day.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

—Let no man boast that he is free from color blindness until after he has been sent to the dry goods store to match his wife's black silk and has come out of the ordeal satisfactorily.

—"No," said an old maid. "I don't miss a husband very much. I have trained my dog to growl every time I feed him, and I have bought a tailor's dummy that I can scold when I feel like it."

—The reason.—

I asked a bachelor why he
In singleness had tarried;
He answered thus: Because, you see
I've friends who've long been married.

—*Boston Courier.*

—No hoodlum could be hired to strike an average, lick a postage stamp, beat a carpet, or do any thing useful. He wants to be in a crowd of his kind and strike a little fellow.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Pastor—"Thomas! Don't you think your parents would feel very sore if they knew you were fishing on the Sabbath?" Thomas—"Yes, sir; but not half so sore as I'd feel if they found it out."—*Judge.*

—"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—Integrity is the first moral virtue benevolence the second and prudence is the third; without the first the two latter can not exist; and without the third the two former would often be rendered quite useless.—*Home Journal.*

—The square stick is easiest to make round. The square man finds no difficulty in rounding out a beautiful life. A man of years and virtue is something to reverence and love; a wicked old man is simply disgusting.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—"Who is your lawyer, young man?" asked old Hyson, looking over the papers. "O. N. T. Coatsanvest," replied Sapling. "Why, he's no lawyer; he's a tailor." "Can't help that; he's brought more than a dozen suits for and against me, and I'd like to see any lawyer do better than that."—*Burdette.*

REMOVING VARNISH.

How It May Be Easily Done Without Injury to Paintings.

"Yes, varnish can be removed from oil paintings without injuring the sketch, but it is a difficult job," said a Fifteenth street expert on paintings to a reporter.

"Well, how do you go about it?"

"To begin with, every thing depends on the varnish used originally on the picture. If it is permanent, then its removal is absolutely necessary, but if retouching varnish has been made use of there remains nothing but to paint over it, which may be done without fear of injuring the picture."

"How would you remove this permanent varnish?"

"A wooden box, the size of a stretcher must be procured, and in this I would place the picture face up. This receptacle is to be shallow of course, say from three to five inches in depth, according to the thickness of the stretcher. Its lid must fit closely, and before placed in position a lining of cotton batting, saturated with alcohol, should be attached. Then, after putting in the picture, I should nail down the cover, and the varnish will soon be dissolved by the fumes from the alcohol."

"How long would you have the picture in this position?"

"That is determined only by experience, and to novices the above experiment is sometimes costly, for the greatest care must be exercised in judging the length of time necessary to remove the varnish. If left exposed too long the painting itself will be injured by the alcohol. If the painting is valuable, I wouldn't advise an inexperienced person to try this arrangement, unless under the personal supervision of an expert.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*